

## REFLECTIONS OF A RETIRED PROF

by Marc Rohr,

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When I arrived at the Nova University campus for a day of interviews back in the late fall of 1975, I felt like the archetypal movie hero of yore who journeys westward by train to a city where his new job awaits, only to disembark, all alone, at a dusty station with nothing in sight but vast acres of nothingness. Well, it wasn't really that bad; there were a few buildings strewn about the former airfield, including the one—the Parker building—that housed the Law Center during its first five years. A little oasis of tropical shrubbery, out back, was dependably featured in the Law Center catalogues of that era. I wound up taking the job, in no small part because the faculty included Bruce Rogow and Joel Berman, and began my academic career here at the start of the third year of the school's existence. Nine of us arrived then, literally doubling the size of the faculty as the school began its first year with third-year students. We were only provisionally accredited by the ABA at that time, but that sufficed to make the gamble taken by the members of the charter class pay off. Of those nine new faculty hires, a few departed fairly quickly, while three of us—Ron Brown, Joe Smith, and me—essentially became Nova lifers.

I would have been shocked, then, if anyone with a crystal ball could have told me that (a) I would remain in Florida, and (b) I would spend the bulk of my career playing for a single team (if you'll pardon the sports analogy). Up to that point, I had spent four years in three different legal jobs, and seemed a poor prospect for longevity in any one position. But I spent 38 years on the faculty of what is now the Shepard Broad College of Law, away for two of those years as a visiting professor at two other schools, then two more years teaching part-time as an emeritus

“adjunct.” As anyone reading this knows, we’ve come a long way from our humble beginnings; I hope I made a contribution to that progress.

As readers of this essay should also know, I was one of ten members of this faculty who chose, in June of 2014, to accept the University’s “Voluntary Separation Offer,” and thus to retire. (And I assure you that it was truly voluntary.) Happily, I still have an office at the Law Center—uh, College of Law—and, again, taught intellectual property law, as an “adjunct,” during the next two academic years. I’ve now decided, after 40 years(!), to end my teaching career. I do hope to keep writing. I have no regrets about my decision to retire, and I feel grateful for (a) a lengthy career that was (mostly) enjoyable, and (b) the ability to end it voluntarily. Of course, I also have to be thankful for the simple fact of surviving to what I will call “retirement age;” it’s a rare day when I don’t think of my friends and colleagues—Larry Kalevitch, Paul Joseph, and Marty Feinrider—who did not.

But this “happy ending” feels quite incomplete, in this respect: the absence of any obvious opportunity to connect with the great bulk of those of you who contributed so much to my enjoyment of the rewarding experience that I have had here: my former students. Some of you became and remain friends, some of you were friendly acquaintances for a brief time, and some of you have faithfully attended Law Center events—but so many of you whom I recall with genuine fondness have simply become part of my history, rarely or never seen, or heard from, again. So many of you remain so memorable to me, as students who made classroom discussions interesting and challenging, and/or who made life at the Law Center more enjoyable by virtue of your good humor and/or vibrant personality. (Needless to say, there’s a special place in my heart for those who participated in the “roasts” of yesteryear—especially the guys who had the *chutzpah* to think

they could imitate *me*.) It is to you that I speak through this little essay.

I thought of throwing a huge party and inviting y'all, but that's not practical; the deal wasn't *quite* that sweet. So all I can do is to tell you that, if you share my nostalgia for the good old days when I was pouring red ink all over your papers, I'd love to hear from you. My email address remains the same: [rohrm@nova.edu](mailto:rohrm@nova.edu). (Sorry--no Facebook or Twitter for me.) Let me know what you're doing (or, if you're retired too, what you did), how you view your law-school experience, in retrospect, or anything at all.

And, whether or not you take me up on that solicitation: thanks for the memories!